

The San Nicolas Woman

by Roland Peterson

Dedicated to the elderly lady who asked me to describe
The “San Nicolas woman”.

She stands at five feet eight
A little over weight
Her hair more curls than straight

Always in charge
Her breast not so large
Can’t say that of her behind
She is one of a kind

Her lips are full
Her teeth white and smooth
Her spirit is tough
Her hands are rough
From working hard and taking care
Passionate, dedicated and sincere

Scared of a little mouse
But will tackle a man as big as a house.
Beautiful and strong

Boastfully he proclaimed
She’s my lady, she’s my dame
With a smile on his face
He made it heard:
There is no other on this earth